

*As they are sharing, the Prince & Poynes set upon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

Prin. Got with much eate. Now merrily to horse, the theeues are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falstaffe sweare to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him:

Poynes. How the rogue roard

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.*

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house: he shoves in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friend true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiō an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is this? why my L. of Yorke cōmends the plot, & the general course of the action, Zounds & I were now by this rascal I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vnckle, & my selfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, & Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? haue I not all the letters to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of the set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this & Infidell? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe,

selfe, and go to buffets, for mou with so honorable an action. H we are prepared. I will set forwa How now Kate, I must leaue you

Lady. O my good Lord, why For what offence haue I this for A banisht woman from my Har Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't th Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy Why dost thou bend thine eies And start so often when thou si Why hast thou lost the fresh bl And giuen my treasures and my To thicke-eyd musing, and curst In my faint slumbers, I by thee And heard thee murmur tales Speake tearmes of manage to th Cry courage to the field: And Offallies; and retires, trenches, Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parap Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin Of prisoners ransome, and of sou And all the current, of a heddy f Thy spirit within thee hath been And thus hath so bestird thee in That beds of sweat hath stood v Like bubbles in a late disturbed And in thy face strange motions Such as we see when men restrai On some great sodaine hast. O w Some heauy busines hath my L And I must know it, else he loue

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with

Ser. He is, my Lord, an hour

Hot. Hath Butler brought the

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, h

Hot. What Horse? a roane, a

Ser. It is my Lord.